



Peeved McLean



10 0 2

Chapter 1 by Lauren Cupples

It was a rather cold day in Atlanta. Since most days in September were unnaturally warm this time of year, the chill in the air would possibly put some citizens in a state of panic. With many people either believing that the earth is finally seeking vengeance on humanity for damaging it, or thinking it was just random weather. Today's cold was possibly due to the anger of a man looking for his next business partner.

William McLean s known to Atlanta-ans for being a rather creative business man. While some mistake his way of making money for being in some sort of mafia, he calls his ways 'sincere business'. With some conquests being successful, and few not so much, he has been on the hunt for that big catch. But for right now, he was arguing with one of his henchmen via cell phone.

“What do you mean he won't work with me?” he told Dean, who was on the other line. He paused, somewhat breathing heavily as his main follower made an excuse as to why someone at the level he considered 'high stakes' was declining his offer of sponsoring what McLean considers 'charity work'.

“Tell him that McLean's Fallen Angels is a company that sponsors children that lost their way and need guidance. If you have to bitch about parents not being parents, do it.” He told Dean technically not lying since William himself was abandoned by his family many years ago. “So what if he doesn't take care of his own kids, if that's the case I don't think he'll be offended.” After a roll of the eyes and another heavy breath, he finally told his leader of losers, “Kiss his ass if you have to, lie if you have to. Just get him to hand you a check and find a kid to will lie to his

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of a local familiar. Michael Ian Hawkins was posed in front of a camera flash in a decently tailored suit, with a stiff check in hand that could be mistaken for a sign one of those hippie kids swing around to grab your attention outside a cheap restaurant. According to the big eye-grabbing font, he had donated another massive check to another needy charity. William scoffed at how the writer of the story came off as a proud mom, then picked up the paper to look at the details. The writer had bragged about her wannabe son by listing his other donations to rather useless, and possibly nonexistent, charities. William will admit his variety of charities are rather impressive, including organizations to support those with depression, disabilities, and disease. Since most of the charities included children, McLean believed that he could possibly fool Hawkins, just like he fooled all of the other 'sponsors' of McLean's Fallen Angels.

William himself knew that Hawkins would be a feat, as his credentials in the story weren't just the charities he took part in helping, but his academic standard could make followers of Bill Gates, Stephen Hawking, and the question writers of Jeopardy weep in defeat. These facts, along with his place of actual residence and how to find him are unknown, made McLean believe that this would be his hardest chase yet.

This made McLean stomp the paper into the ground, infuriating him more than the argument with his number one henchmen ever could. But he wasn't too angry, he was also plotting the possibly business that he could have with Hawkins. Even if death was necessary, he was going to get to Hawkins and his money, one way or another..

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